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A Tribute to an Activist

BLACK GAY PRIDE WEEKEND

2ND SIZZLIN' SEPTEMBER ISSUE FOR 1998

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NOIR

.....*a manzine!*
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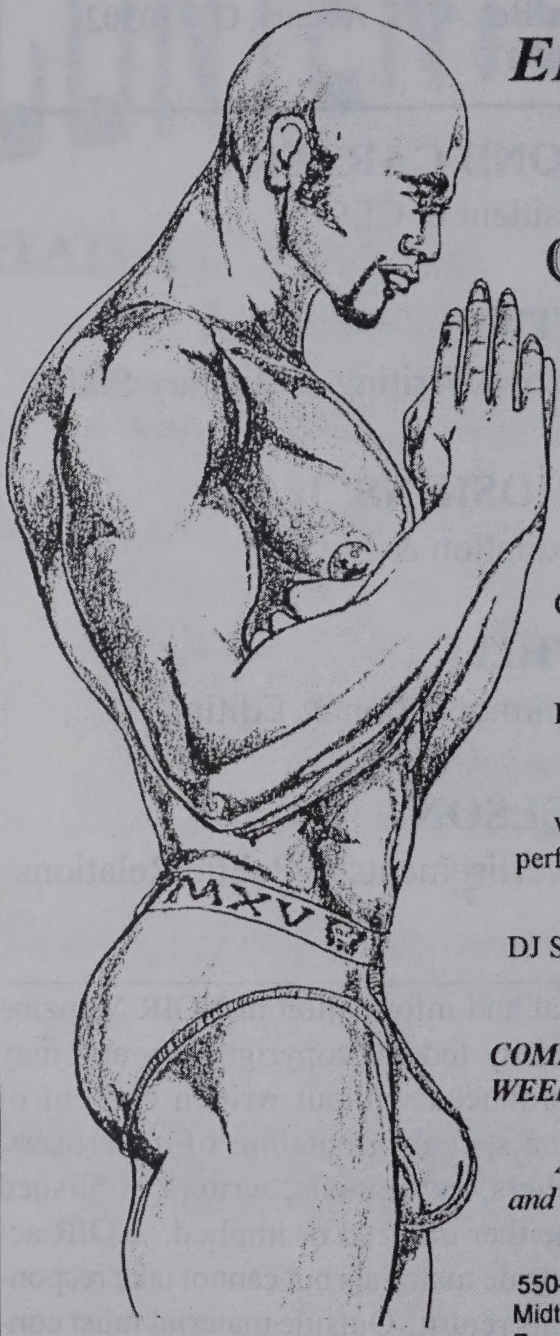

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Celebrating the Black Lesbian, Bisexual, Transgendered, Gay Community

Building on a Foundation

The Growth of In The Life Atlanta

by: Staff Writers

The meeting opens after 7 p.m. and is well into progress. As they find space available in the small conference rooms, late comers still arrive from a busy workday. Revising the schedule of events, defining time slots and locations . . . in other words fine tuning their product, the Atlanta Black Gay Pride Celebration, is what the planning committee of In the Life Atlanta, does at every meeting. As the meeting passes the scheduled time to close, workers are still asking questions for clarity for issues not addressed. It's getting late. Patience runs thin, hostility rises and one angry brother distributes his piece of mind to every listener in the room, charging that his voice has gone unheard and valid questions were dismissed. With Black Gay Pride weekend just weeks away Darryl!, the executive director of ITLA consoles the committee workers that as they move closer to the weekend they've been

ITLA Cont'd on page 6

planning for they should take time out to heal themselves. "Tempers flare because people are passionate about what they believe in and how their event is handled. It is down to the wire and we're finalizing this event," declares Darryl!

Brothers and sisters from around the country and overseas will travel to Atlanta on Labor Day weekend to the last major party of the summer season, The Atlanta Black Gay Pride Celebration hosted by In the Life Atlanta. ITLA is a body of local activist and community builders that is engineering a movement to enhance the quality of life for gay/lesbian/ transgender African Americans of the Atlanta Metropolitan area. It is a force that promotes health, strength and creativity within the community through a greater sense of solidarity. The phrase "In the Life" is a colloquialism used to identify members of the gay, lesbian and transgender family since the Harlem Renaissance era.

Since Atlanta seems to be the traditional gathering place for gays on Labor Day weekend, there was no central place to serve as a provider for the community and formalize the weekend. Therefore a group of concerned members of the community came together for what is known as In The Life Atlanta. "We wanted to add structure to the weekend . . . to support and empower the community, to provide an alternative. We wanted to serve as an anchor, not an umbrella for all the planned activities of the weekend, " explains Tara Somerville, one of the pioneers of ITLA.

ITLA quickly admits they are not the first to hold the ball in this court. This arena was first shared by other start-up groups who tried to provide planned activities for the weekend. "There were structured organizations that contributed to this weekend but there was a need for organizational structure by a committee with by-laws," Tara shares. "If it wasn't for the people before us there could have been no 'In the Life Atlanta.'"

The fuel used to get this machine up and running was

ITLA Cont'd on page 16

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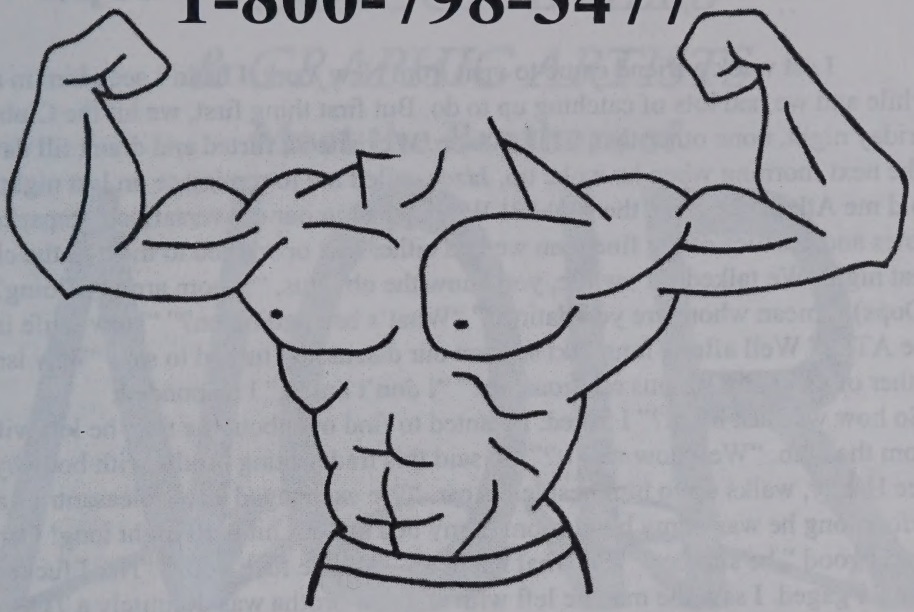

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OPINIONATED READER

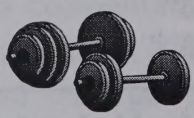
HARD BOTTOMS/*Soft Tops*

Last week a friend came to visit from New York. I hadn't seen him in a while and we had lots of catching up to do. But first thing first, we hit the Club on Friday night, none other than Club Fusion. We danced, flirted and drank till dawn. The next morning when he woke up, Jazee called me to reminisce on last night. He told me Atlanta men are the BOMB! We relished in our conversation comparing notes and profiles of the fine men we had either met or wanted to meet in the club that night. We talked for awhile, you know the obvious, "Whom are you doing? (Oops), I mean whom are you dating?" "What's been going on?" "How's life in the ATL?" Well after a long kiki session our discussion turned to sex. "Why isn't either of us in any serious relationship?" "I don't know," I responded.
"So how was last night?" I asked. I wanted to find out about the man he left with from the club. "Well how was it?" He said this trade acting brotha with body by Lee Haney, walks up to him beside his car. "We exchanged a few pleasantries and before long he was at my hotel room in my bed and we hit it all night long! Damn it was good," he shouted. "So what happen?" "Did he fuck you?" "No, I fucked him." I gaged. I saw the man he left with and that brotha was definitely a TOP. And my boy is definitely a BOTTOM, who knew?

He told me that some of the best sex he has had was with Hard Bottoms. Again, I gaged. I asked, "What is a hard bottom? " He then proceeded to educate me on the Hard Bottoms/Soft Tops thang.

Profiles:

Hard Bottoms
Masculine
Works out
Listens to Hip Hop
Wears Fubu or Nike gear
Ask you, how big is your dick?
S'up Dawg?
Non-versatile
Aggressive
Barber shop/Walk in
Enjoys sports



Soft Tops
Not as Masculine
Reads books
Listens to Jazz
Wears Tommy Hilfiger or Polo Sport
Ask you,would you like to go dinner?
How are you doing?
Versatile
Mild-mannered
Hair salon by appointment only
Hates to sweat

The list continues, but I'll leave the rest to your imagination. I must admit, I'm a combination of both and I get's mine, what about you? Write us or E-mail us with some of your juicy stories. We'll share them with our readers. Until Then, Peace my brotha, Stay Tuned!!!!!

WRITERS, JOURNALISTS, PHOTOGRAPHERS & GRAPHIC ARTISTS

Meet the Brothers of

NOIR

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@ the

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IN THE LIFE ITLA ATLANTA

Celebrating the Black Lesbian, Bisexual, Transgendered, Gay Community

Organizer of ATLANTA BLACK GAY PRIDE CELEBRATION

LITERARY

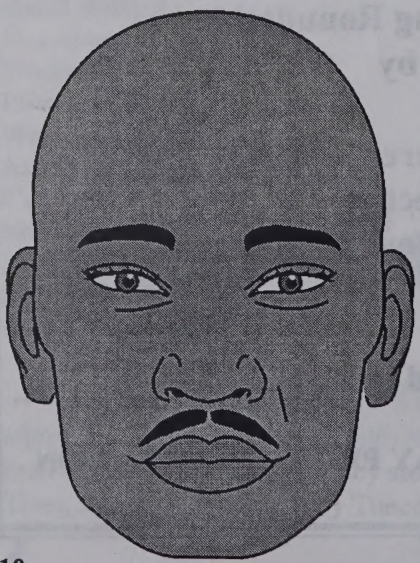
I Wonder

By Marko 9/4/97

He walks in wearing black jeans and a black suede vest, and captures my full attention. As I sit here watching him mingling and mixing, curiosity begins to take over. I wonder if he might be interested in someone like me. Could I satisfy his needs? Could he satisfy mine? If our bodies experienced sensual, erotic interactions, what would it be like? I wonder...

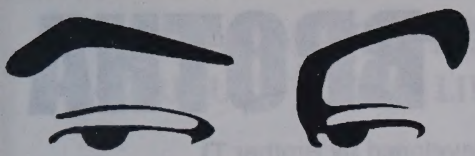
He's over there laughing and talking with his friends. I wonder how he would talk to me. How his voice would sound when he is aroused. Would its low rumble tickle my eardrums as he whispers in my ear, asking intimate questions and making intimate suggestions? While making love, would he moan and plead passionately? Would he shout, grunt or squeal. Would he be strong and silent?

His eyes pear through jet-black dreads. I wonder how his hair feels. His kinky locks against my face, as his mustache tickles my neck. How the wiry hairs of his body would feel, as my fingers roam through his bristly masses. How the stubble on his face would feel against my chest and down my back and between my thighs and other discerning domains.



His wide, thick-fingered hands grip his drinking glass. I wonder how he would touch me. Would they gently grope and fondle my sensitive areas? Would they be strong and directive, as they finesse me into the right positions? If he rubbed my body would his hands be warm and soothing? Would they sting if he spanked me for being bad? Would they be firm and persuasive as they held me in place, during our fit of passion?

He stands there with broad shoulders



and long legs ... I wonder how his body feels. The warmth of his skin, the weight of his tall frame against mine; the thickness of it in my arms and between my legs; how our bodies would respond as they interact. The feel of his muscular thighs wrapped around my body or resting on my shoulders. What would it be like to rest my head in his chest and listen to his heartbeat?

He sips his drink and the shape of his mouth makes me. I wonder if his lips are as smooth as they look? How the firmness and fullness of them might feel manipulating and stimulating my flesh. Would they be moist to the touch? Would his mouth send chills through my body as he probes and sucks and licks my neck, my nipples, and my dick?

He turns and I notice his ass, sitting high, round and firm. What the center of it might be like. The scent of it, as he sweats, the delicacy of it, as my tongue works its way around and in and out and around again. The feel of it as it surrounds my fingertips. The tightness of it as the head of my piece makes its slow entry. The wetness of it as it relaxes and my dick begins to slide in and out and in, again and again.

He turns again and I notice the bulge that rests on his inner thigh. I wonder how his piece would feel in my hands. Would it be smooth or veiny? If its thick and throbbing, would the head be sensitive to the touch? What it might taste like? How it would stretch my boundaries as it pushes its way inside. The sensation of it gliding rhythmically in and out of me as we make love.

He notices me gazing at him and gives me a wicked smile. I wonder what kinds of games we might play. Would his sexual diversions be strange and twisted? Does he want to be dominated or degraded? Would he give me commands and make me his slave? Would we indulge each other's fantasies and create new ones? Might he be the type of brother that enjoys the simple pleasures of a good old-fashioned fuck session?

I sit here and daydream in silence. I wonder if he is thinking of me?

BROTHA 2 BROTHA

(A monthly advice column developed by Brother T)

Questions about Love? Don't ask Dear Abby!
Ask Brother "T"

the only one who will understand
You know....Man 2 Man

Questions to Brother "T" can be sent via e-mail or written to the following address:
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Questions with answers from Brother "T" will be published monthly

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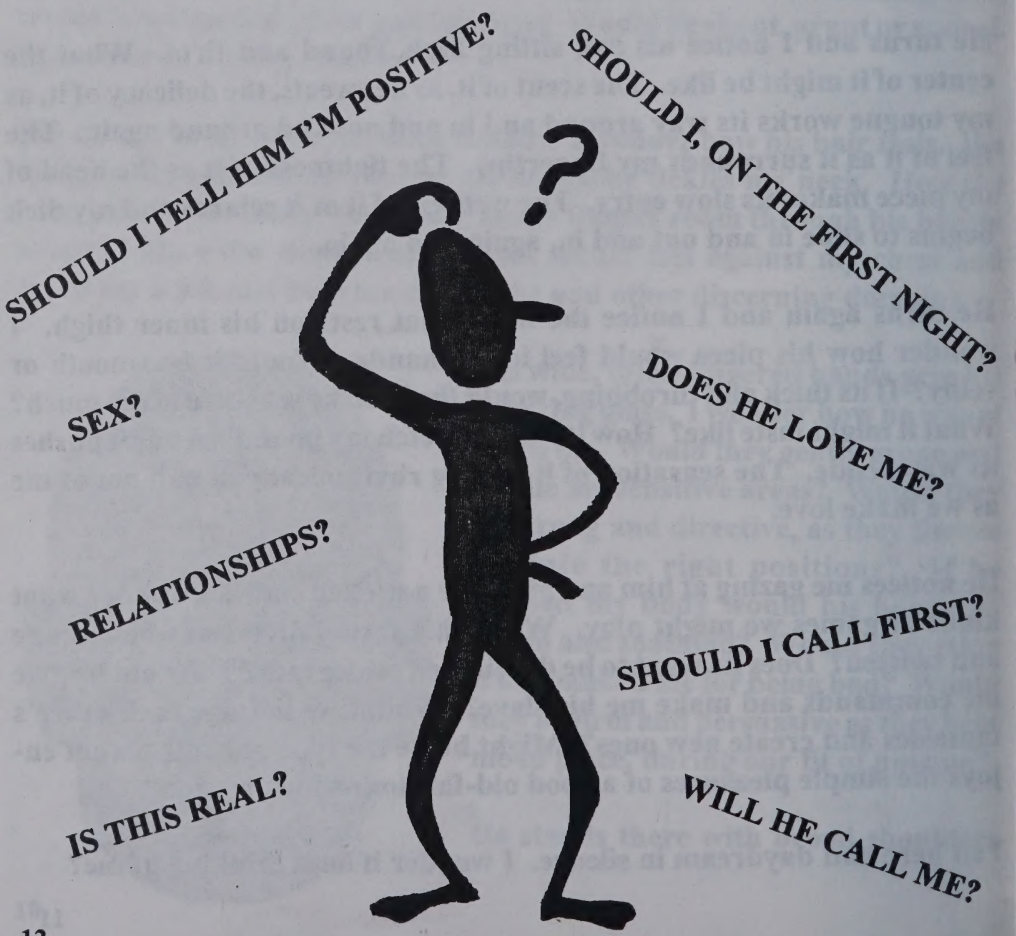

VOCAL, WITH LOW TOLERANCE:
A TRIBUTE TO THE LIFE OF ANTHONY DANIELS

by: L D B

When asked to write a story in tribute to the late Anthony Daniels (1965-1998), I hesitated, dreading to deal with the grim subject matter of death and the painful memory of those gone on. How could I properly honor someone with words that I didn't even know, or for that matter had never even heard of? I felt embarrassed, not only by the selfishness of my decision, but by my ignorance of the work of one of Atlanta's great activists. Soon I reluctantly agreed to do the work and slowly I began the research and interviews to try and understand the man about whom so much had already been said and written.

During the course of searching, I discovered much of the life, the ideas, and the passion of this man whom I had never met. The more I learned, the more personally familiar he became, until in my mind's eye I could faintly see his face on the pages on which I wrote. Through exploring his life, I found that Tony was not just one of us, rather, he was each of us; distinctly, uniquely, exclusively. The in and the "out", man and woman, the ugly and the beautiful. The healthy and the sick.

FREDDIE

Tony was born and raised in Albany, GA—the middle child of six, and quite spoiled, according to his brother, Freddie. Despite the number of siblings in the Daniels household, however, Freddie said Tony had a good childhood, full of all the mystery and excitement that youth usually brings.

Tony graduated high school in Albany in 1983, and soon after moved to Atlanta. Seeing Atlanta as a curious young man in the early eighties was understandably a big step from a much more rural and familiar life in Albany. Tony moved back to

Vocal Cont'd on page 20

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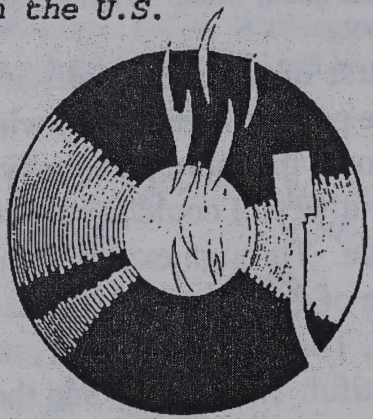

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The Masculine Mystique:

Reflections & Discussions

with *Darryl!*

Dear Nubian Spirit:

This is the first time that I have written to an advice column. Lately I have been feeling very confined and constricted. I want to be able to be free to express myself and not fear how people will react. It took me a very long time to accept my sexuality and now I want my friends and family to accept me too. My family does not know that I am gay. I mean I'm sure they know something but we don't talk about it. My straight friends and co-workers don't know. I even feel that I have to hide it from my best friend from high school. We can talk about everything… except that. I don't want to loose my family or friends. Am I living a double life? And then to top it off my church is a very progressive church but every so often someone in the church (pastor included) feels the need to put down gays. I'm confused. On the one hand, they preach about love but on the other hand they condemn me and others like me. I love my church and can't leave it, I love the people and I'm comfortable.

I am feeling so overwhelmed. I can't share my life with my family, I can't be open with my friends. My gay friends don't know the other people in my life and vise versa. I feel like I'll never be free and whole. I read books and go to Second Sunday discussions but still feel like I am alone most of the time. I there an answer to what's happening to me? Or am I destined to live like this forever… I don't know that I want to live like this. Ann Nesby sang a song that said "I need relief… my back is against the wall… I need relief from the pressures of this world." How can I get some relief and freedom?

J.D.

Dear J.D.:

I appreciate your willingness to write and understand the reluctance to do so. The things you are experiencing can be very disheartening and scary. Your courage in reaching out for others opinions is the first step in getting the relief that you want and need.

Please understand that you are not alone. Many of our brothers experience the same things you do daily. Use your friends and Second Sunday as resources and support. Other resources and support groups include In the Life Atlanta, The Atlanta Gay and Lesbian Center, Youth Pride, and the Lambda Center. There's also the Deeper Love program, Friends for Life: support group, and my Brothers Keeper if you are under 24 years of age.

Remember liberation comes from within. You must first live yourself and be at peace before you can let others into your life. No one can keep you in bondage once you decide to be free.

Next you must maintain a good, positive, and affirming support network. This network can include any people you want friends, family and/or co-workers. You need and deserve to have people in your life who will live you, not for who they want you to be. Take control. Don't let fear cripple your happiness. It is possible that some of your family and friends will not accept you. And it is also possible that they will. Know that you are loveable and deserve love, regardless. How, when, and if you share your sexuality with others depends on your readiness to accept the responses, no matter what they may be.

As far as your church is concerned the same idea applies. Your worship experience should be one that supports and affirms you, loves you, and enhances your connection to your higher power. There are also many places of worship that will affirm your wholeness.

Although this may seem like a very confusing and overwhelming time in your life you will survive. Take the next steps, do what you need for you, and take care of yourself. Be patient with yourself and others. Relax and be yourself. Be FREE!!!

Peace, longevity and prosperity my brother!

Need Advice? Have questions? Got comments or concerns? Words of wisdom or statements to offer? …

Send them to Nubian Spirit at NOIR
Or E-mail to Darryl1@Mindspring.com

Submissions will be selected for future issues. We will attempt to respond to all submissions either in the Manzine or by direct letter to you. Enclose with your submission and address for reply. All personal information will remain confidential.

people like Mellonee Rheam, another starter of the organization. "We had dedicated and experienced people who knew what to do . . . some who worked in other pride cities." These people had capabilities that were of tremendous value within the first year of operation, Labor Day weekend 1996. "The kick off reception was great. We received our proclamation from the mayor stating that Labor Day weekend was the official weekend for 'Black Pride Celebration.' That was very memorable," Mellonee states.

Being that ITLA was and still is the new kid on the block, with a different frame of mind, this movement began with trial and error. First many people had not heard of their name. Along with this disadvantage, the organization specializing in cultural and spiritual activities, found it difficult when other non-Atlanta based promoters would set up shop in ATL on this particular weekend, capitalize off of parties which were very popular events, then pack their bags and vacate. Many local organizers lost revenue due to this invasion. And all of ITLA events did not turn out in healthy form as well. "The cultural arts festival was unsuccessful. There wasn't a great turn out in numbers," Mellonee responds.

While planning for this year's festivities the committee faced new hurdles. The original executive director for this year had stepped down from her position. At the point of her resignation the group was left with a lot of incomplete work. Darryl!, the new appointed executive director was already affiliated with the group. "There were things that were left undone when I stepped in. Therefore I pretty much had to hit the ground running because we were already behind on our objectives," he explains. But they managed to make change for the better. "We had done a major revamping of the corporation and we have a good idea of what is needed to stay organized."

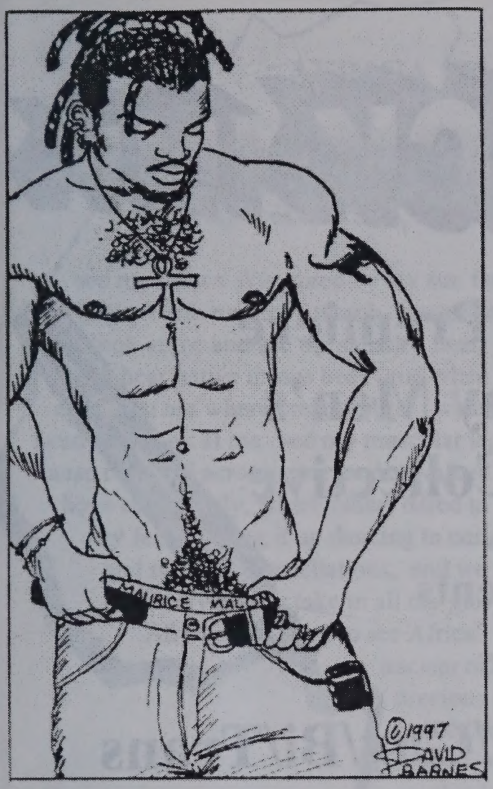
There has also been encouragement from the community. Debra McCree, volunteer coordinator says, "When I talk to people over the phone they

ITLA Cont'd on page 17

become interested in helping and tell other people about what we're doing."

Other benefits were reaped by ITLA this year. With grant money given to the organization, the committee launched a new website, which is very innovative for a pride committee. This encourages people outside of Georgia to think of ITLA as a household name when they think of Atlanta.

Becoming empowered, the group, who also sponsors other community related activities around the year, works at an objective of separating itself from other Black Pride committees. "Atlanta's Black Pride is in the home of the Civil Rights movement, the most historically black institutions of higher learning, and a center of the black affluent." Says Darryl! He also suggests with this in mind, "Once the weekend, is over participants will leave away experiencing something cultural, empowering, spiritual and political."



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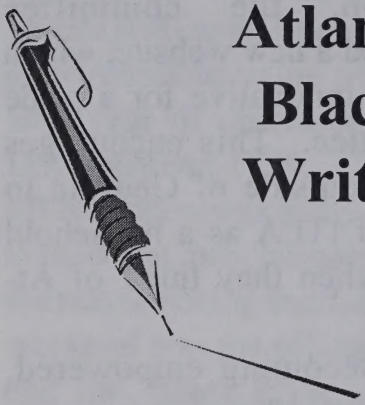
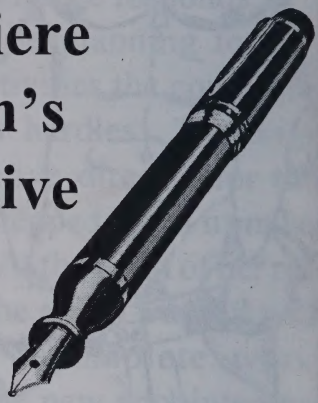


Atlanta's Premiere Black Gay Men's Writers Collective



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IN THE LIFE ITLA ATLANTA

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Organizer of ATLANTA BLACK GAY PRIDE CELEBRATION

AFRICA

don't have to look at no map,
nor peep national geographic on tv. if you
want to lay eyes on Africa, take a long look at me.

see my brown skin cured by my sun father's heat. baked
in my earth mother's womb, toasted me head to feet.
look at me and see the sahara's heat. hear my voice
and hear native drums beat. and when you look into my
eyes, you see where creation lies. want to see Africa? you
need only look at me. see my muscular legs, made strong
'cause i walked across great lands. walked with elephants and
lions confidently, where others dared to tread. red dirt dusted
my feet, kicking it up dancing to congo beats. built pyramids
and mapped constellations, and we even clocked earth's rotation.
so very slowly take in all my glory, all my Blackness, all my
Africaness. want to see Africa? you need only look at me. see my head,
ancient nations it has led. It was adorned with
precious stones and gilded with gold. this head
created the metric system, and in our spare
time. we created problems just to fix them.
on this head, education and intelligence
made their bed. in these ears, only
native tongues would you hear. fine
honey wines and what my people
sip, that's what you see when
you look upon my thick, full lips.
want to see Africa? you Need
only look at me.

always remember that when you
look at me with my confident
stride, my visible pride, and body
with no blemish, always see
God, 'cause i was made in
his image. want to see
Africa, then you must
peep me.

BY: A'OMARE'

Albany after a little more than a year in the city. But predictably, this was not to last. He decided to try Atlanta again, and in 1988 he moved back to the Metro to stay.

Right after high school, Tony began to explore black gay literature. According to Freddie, it was his own collection of black gay works that inspired his brother's interest, as well as Tony's desire for poetic expression.

When asked about Tony's prolific outspoken manner, Freddie replied that Tony was always at ease verbally, "Always vocal, with very low tolerance." In 1993, however, shortly after Tony discovered his HIV status, he was not exactly a vocal activist. Freddie said Tony was, like so many others, in denial. But soon after, as the painful truth and reality of his illness set in, Tony reached out to join the brothers of Back to Back. Here, somehow, Tony found the courage to voice himself to Atlanta and the rest of those who took a moment to listen.

Freddie says that the one thing Tony left to him and the rest of us was the sense of surety. "Because of him, we can be more out, be more honest." For many, however, the honesty has yet to materialize.

JOI

Joi Williams is the current parliamentarian of the group FALOMI; a collective of lesbian/bisexual women whose mission is to maintain a safe space for community building, group activities, and support. She's also one who knew still another side of Tony Daniels—a side so dedicated and passionate to the cause that he was named an "honorary lesbian" by the lesbian social support group, ZAMI.

Joi says Tony's dedication to the lesbian community was unsurpassed. Not only did he lend his support for political causes, but Tony was a friend and supporter of the groups social

Vocal Cont'd on page 23

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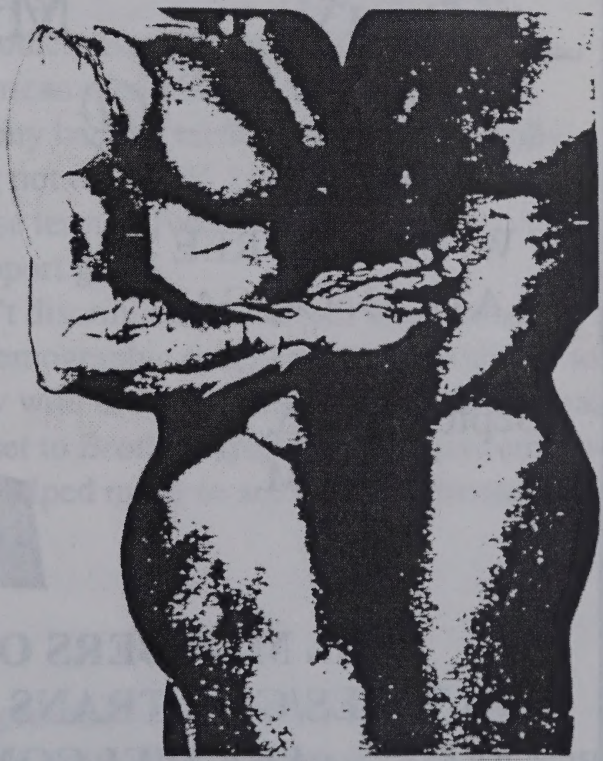

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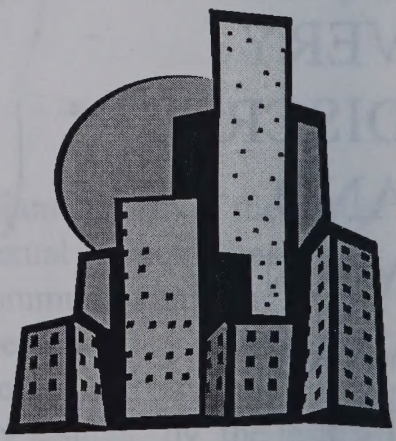


ALL MEMBERS OF THE BLACK LES/GAY/TRANS COMMUNITY ARE WELCOME

functions.

Joi credits Tony with having left a spirit of change within the black gay/lesbian community. And within this spirit lies the will to help things continue to change whenever and wherever prejudice and injustice prevail.

MARCO

Tony was Marco Sanders' close friend. Marco witnessed Tony's evolution from a closeted man in denial of his own situation to a candid and bluntly open fighter for the rights of those infected with HIV/AIDS. "He fought not only for his situation, but for that of others," says Marco.

Brothers Back2Back, the social support group of which Tony was a cornerstone member, proved to be an effective podium for Tony's protests.

According to Marco, Brothers Back2Back is dedicated to supporting all African American men affected/effected by HIV. Marco explained that Tony had the talent to translate complicated issues, concerning not only HIV, but life in general, into simplistic, common sense terms. Tony's insight proved to be a valuable asset to the support group.

HIV/AIDS doesn't discriminate. Indeed, those affected/effected run the entire demographic spectrum. Tony's ability to communicate effectively with brothers coming out of denial was undoubtedly a major asset to Brothers Back2Back. His compassion and understanding helped many to see life, and themselves a little more clearly.

ADODI MUSE

Perhaps the most profound side of Tony Daniels was found in his words, on the pages of his notebook. ADODI Muse

Vocal Cont'd on page 25

In the Spirit

Of

Black Gay Pride

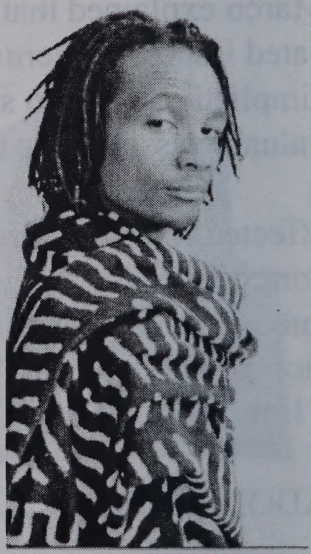
The Brothers of

NOIR

Honors

The Late

Anthony Daniels



(1965 –1998)
for his crusade
for Human Rights and
HIV/AIDS survival

is a premier black gay poets' performance ensemble. Tony helped found the group in 1995, and with the collaboration of friends Malik Williams and Duncan Teague, nurtured the project to national acclaim. Through this collective, Tony found the outlet from which to express his fears, his trials and tribulations, and his desires. At this years' National Black Arts Festival, a tribute was given to Mr. Daniels through its performance of "Weeping Mighty Tears."

Adode Muse

Written expression was not only a vent for Tony, but a cure; for all the pain and frustration that needed to be released. In "Why We Write," Tony puts it quite simply:

> "…Writing those things I Must say
> Writing to strike down silence
> To slay the enemy
> To make a window into my eye and a
> Mirror into my Soul."

His words, his courage, and his spirit have had a global impact for anyone who lives within the shadow of HIV and AIDS. Unfortunately, for now, that means all of us. We have all lost friends and lovers, family and colleagues. We have felt the loss and despair, and seen hope abandoned from the lives of so many. Many, like myself, for so long chose to simply look the other way, rather than at our own reflection in the eyes of our dying brothers. We have become emotionally numb to the

Vocal Cont'd on page 29

the MUSIC PAGE

HOUSE, HIPHOP & FLAVOR

The Music at Club Fusion
Atlanta, GA

Since November of 1997 Club Fusion in Atlanta, GA has served up a musical mix that has been varied and consistent. First opening up with DJ David Burris doing house and DJ SMASH handling hiphop, the Club has flourished and been rewarded with loyal house and hiphop heads who are quick to acknowledge that the music is without doubt amoung the best in the city. Since the opening DJs such as Sedrick (The Legendary House Mother), Cameron, BJ the DJ (of DC), DJ Skinny (of DC), DJ Markie B (Baltimore), and DJ DDK (Atlanta's own) have occupied the trenches at Fusion offering scintillating sounds that run the entire spectrum of house and hiphop. From the commercial house to underground house, from hardcore hiphop to radio friendly hiphop, the patrons of the Club have had it all and shown that they love it all. Now the music is in the capable hands of DJ Kurt Robinson, DJ Jaman and DJ Mike Music who work out of the house room and the ever dynamic and soulful DJ SMASH doing hiphop.

DJ Kurt Robinson (formerly of The Edge DC, Ozone DC, and Club 1415 Philly) has played at Fusion since its inception. His format of commercial house mixed with gospel, tribal and underground found its beginnings in Chicago where he was born. That sound transplanted itself in 1995 when he moved to Washington, DC and began playing at the EDGE and the OZONE. His influences and mentors are none other than the legendary RON HARDY of Chicago and Mr. House himself, FRANKIE KNUCKLES. In his own words, he states "the entire house thing for me is a metamorphosis that will continue, its been a learning experience that continues today, but the one thing that remains constant is my love for it, its never the money, its the spiritual connection that keeps me interested." DJ Jaman whose music style developed and grew from being in such legendary clubs as HEAVEN (Detroit), CLUB LARRY (Chicago), and THE RIALTOS (Chicago) mirrors the energy of such DJs as KEN COLLIER (Detroit) and MICHAEL FIELDS (Chicago). His sound goes for the more progressive areas of house and includes vocals, instrumental tracks, and some tribal. Fusion is his first big gig and obviously it won't be his last. DJ SMASH who has been the hiphop resident since Fusion's opening is a true favorite among the Club's patrons. His sultry, dynamic and varied style maintains a dance floor the entire night. SMASH who also plays at the OTHER SIDE on Wednesdays in Atlanta can delve into house, reggae, miami base or any other format with an ease that makes him a valued asset in the Fusion family. It seems as though the music at Fusion can only grow and bloom even more fully into a sound that will keep the Club going for years to come. With the rich, wonderful support of the Atlanta faithful how could it not!

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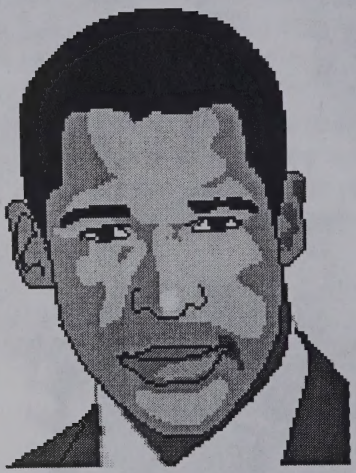
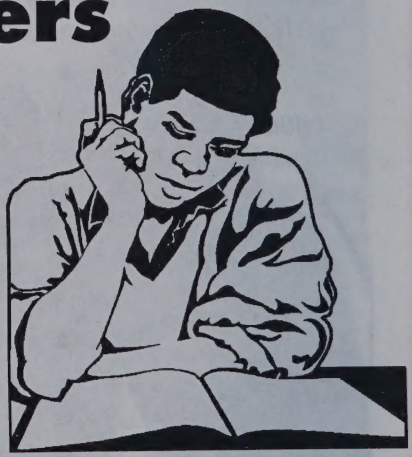


Poets

PHOTOGRAHERS

Writers



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Don't even think about it . . . . . do it now!

pain and injustice. "Accept what we cannot change" has become the consensus of the black gay community. Luckily, Tony never thought of accepting anything so unacceptable. He knew that changes could and must be made. The pain around him and the pain within him were indiscernably connected. So, as he shouted and protested and marched for his own betterment, so he did for all of us. We can no longer let "the white kids" fight our battles publicly, while we cower and suffer in private. We are the ones whose lives are deteriorating before our eyes. We must protect ourselves. We must be our brothers' keepers. And for that resounding message, I thank you Mr. Daniels. It's been a pleasure meeting you. Your life has been a wake up call which echoes loud and clear in our minds, and in our hearts.

Tales

from

the

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TO ATLANTA'S
BLACK GAY PRIDE WEEKEND.

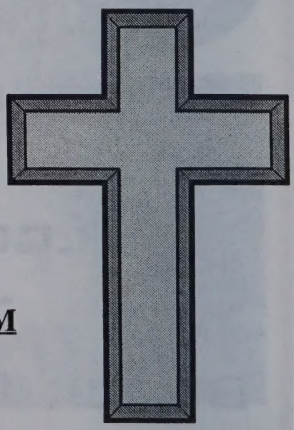
DOC'S PAGE

Welcome to Doc's Page again. I've got a special treat for you this month, Sin! Bernard's works are usually bitter works but I managed to pull this one out of him for the sensual people.

The Ultimate Sin

To love you is a sin-
And yes, I am a sinner!
My soul burns a million times hotter then
the furnaces of hell.
The only commandments I obey are the
ones that unfurl from your
redeeming tongue,
Salvation comes for me when you Kiss
my quaking lips.
Heaven become a ghetto and Jehovah a
Slum-Lord when I lie next to you.
No man comes before you-
No man comes after, because your words
are the gospel of which I live.
I die a thousand deaths when I can't hold
you close.
And I'm born again when I do.
Your smile breathes life into my nostrils,
Because you are my Alpha-
The beginning of my mind AWAKENING
to a new plateau where angels
only are allowed to tread.
And my Omega-
The End of my inner-suffering and self
doubt that once blanketed my like
some dusty old quilt.
Your waist is the forbidden fruit from
which I feast.
The Garden of Eden is only a barren
Waste-land compared to the pools
of your eyes,
My Heart crucifies itself on an emotional
cross whenever I bring a frown to
your perfect face.
The red sea parts many times over when
I'm graced with your presence.
I walk through the valley of the shadow
of death because I love you-
Worship you-
Fear you-
Respect you-
And Desperately want you.
The thought of you wakes me up in the morn,
And guarantees me peaceful slumber at
night.
A mere mortal, you are not.
You're some kind of deity I cannot explain.
You are the reason my soul burns
a million times hotter than all the
furnaces of hell!
And if I must sell my burning soul
to the highest bidder in-order to
keep you-
THEN I SHALL!
Because Loving you is the Ultimate Sin,
And yes, I'm the Ultimate Sinner!

By: Bernard



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Until next month, Hotep.

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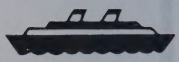

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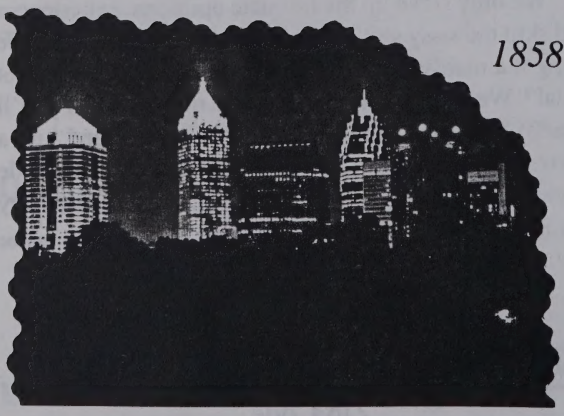

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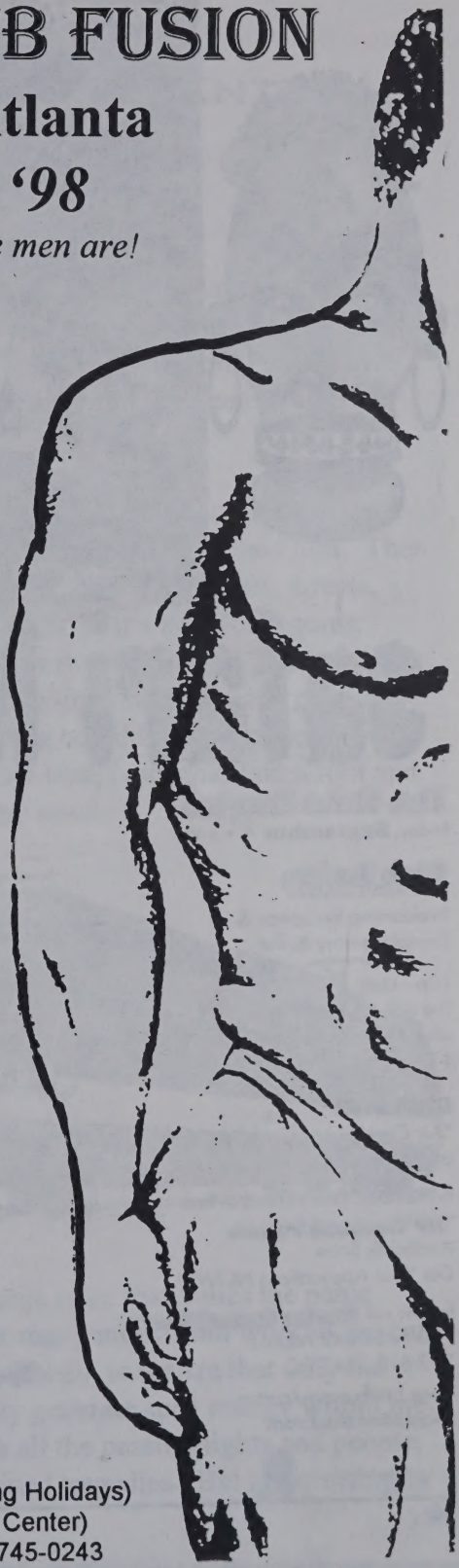


Sept 4

The Safari Hunt Labor Day Weekend begins!

A 3-day 5-event for of men, music dancers with lot's of flavor and style!

Sept 11

The Second Sunday Friday

Hosted by the Second Sunday Group. Come and see what's going on!

DJ Jaman (House)

DJ Smash (HipHip, Reggae,R&B)

Sept 18

The Virgo Party

Calling all Virgo's to the club (Show your I.D. and get in for free B4 12midnight only!)

DJ Jaman (House)

DJ Smash (HipHop, Reggae, R&B)

Sept 25

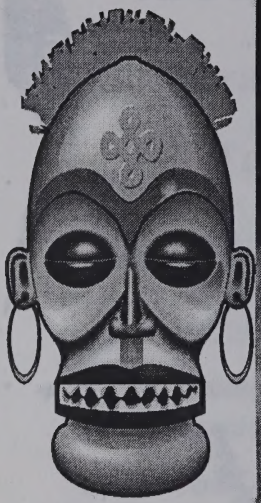
College Night

Show your I.D. and get in for 1/2 price B4 1am

DJ Kurt Robinson (from DC)

DJ Smash (HipHop,Reggae,R&B)

Doors Open 10pm - $8 Admission (exluding Holidays)
550-C Amsterdam Avenue (Midtown Outlet Center)
404-872-6411 or Carter Associates at 770-745-0243



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ATLANTA BLACK PRIDE WEEKEND

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Friday, **September 4** • 6-9p

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10p - Until
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Get HOT!!!

Sunday, **September 6** • 2-9p

Pool Party
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Plenty of food, drink, & MEN

Body Parts Contest w/
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Video Release Party by **Latanche**
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Special Guest DJ's

The Kill...

Sunday, **September 6** • 10p - until

Club Fusion

The Ebony Flesh
Exotic Male Dancer
Show & Dance
Spectacular Male Dancer
Show & More

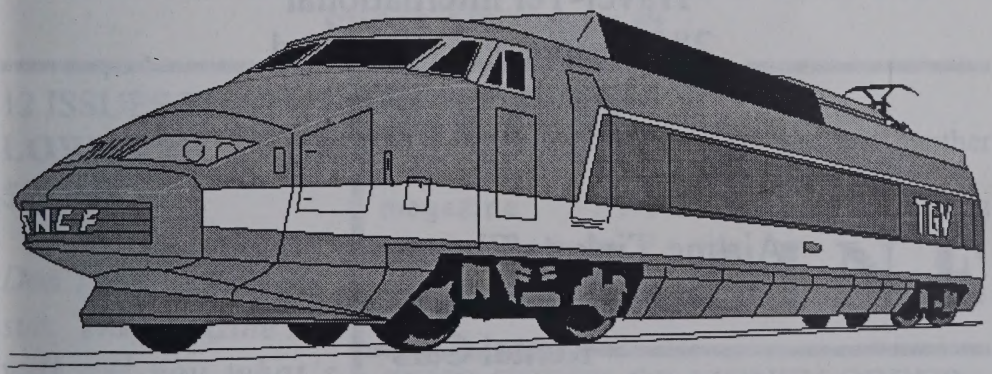
Showtime 11pm (sharp)
4 DJ's

Making My Way Home — A Journal Entry

21 September 1995
4:30 AM

I can't believe this. I'm actually scared. Frightened of what could have gone wrong. No matter how many times he does this to me, no matter how many times I let myself get suckered into believing something could have happened to him, I still find myself being drawn into this feeling all over again.

It starts with anger. I'm furious at being inconvenienced and livid at the thought that he would so easily disregard my attempts to contact him. Then comes the worry. Mild concern along with images of accidents, arrests, gang attacks permeate my mind. I tell myself that it's not worth going through all the stress and drama when I know it will probably turn out like last time or the time before that. Then the inkling that I'm being callous only adds to my original concern. Something could have happened. After four hours and no response whatsoever from him, worry has taken root and has spread real branches of fear through my mind.



Suspicion and jealousy give way to a strange calm that belies the panic lurking beneath. Having walked however many miles from work to the bar to the IHOP then here to the train station, I begin to realize that only the anger and fear intermingled could possibly generate such energy within me. I am driven to move, to fill my brain with all the passing lights and people, to crowd out the images of horrible imagined tragedies. But now, sitting in

this quiet place with nothing much to hold my attention, my mind drifts again.

And so I write hoping that the very act of writing will consume me to the point at which I am no longer truly concentrating on the actual subject of my composition. For a time it works. I am drawn on by my sentences, led astray by the next word. But the end of all pretentious obsession is near. Soon the train will come. I will get on and go whooshing through the darkness to a place near home. I will walk the final distance to my front door and as I draw near the last curve, I will hope that the car is and is not there, that the house is brightly lit and pitch black, that I will find him there or will find nothing ...

The train arrives and opens itself, waiting to carry me to my answers. Soon I will know. Soon I will find relief enough to reclaim my anger, or I will feel the icy tendrils close firmly about my heart.

Soon.

I have one more stop.

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